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bodies. The electricity thus developed is called static electricity. These manifestations of electricity are of the same nature as lightning, which is a discharge of electricity between two clouds or between a cloud and the earth. Static electricity is manifested principally in attractions and repulsions and violent discharges, one body being charged to a higher degree than the other, the discharge bringing about a state of equilibrium.

*X-rays.* Hardly a leading surgeon in the world will operate without the assistance of the X-ray in diagnosis. Now the X-rays are not electrical, but up to the present time they have never been produced without the aid of electrical energy. They are a form of radiation excited by the passage of an alternating current from an induction coil through a partial vacuum. They cause a screen coated with some phosphorescent substance, to emit light; hence the shadow cast by them becomes visible when cast on such a screen. The flesh of the human body is more transparent to them than the bones, and that is the reason why they are used to photograph the skeleton, to locate bullets, etc. It is necessary to use these rays with much care, since continued exposure to them gives rise to painful and apparently incurable hardening and ulceration of the tissues.

Our next paper will discuss the application of electricity.

## NURSING TURKISH SOLDIERS

By E. F.

I arrived at the interesting city of Constantinople just after the war had broken out, and found the streets crowded with soldiers, no tram cars running, and nearly all the horses taken for the war. Every now and then a transport passed, loaded with soldiers playing their weird music, which is all in a minor key and instead of being inspiring, as our military bands, only helped to depress one.

It was hard to realize from looking at the people that one of the bloodiest wars of the world was being enacted but a short distance away, for the Turks, with the resignation of their race, give no more hint of their real feeling than the smooth surface of the Bosphorus gives of the dangerous currents beneath.

As soon as the wounded began to arrive, every available building, mosque, school, club, etc., was turned into a temporary hospital. I was asked to help care for the wounded, which I did, and found it most interesting. Having just come from a modern hospital with all the necessary appliances, plenty of surgical instruments, antiseptics, sterile water, dressing, etc., to say nothing of plenty of nurses, I had always thought

every hospital equally well equipped, but when I was called to a building containing patients with all kinds of wounds, from fractured skulls to gangrened feet, and nothing to work with, I stood appalled. However, we soon managed to get enough materials together with which to go to work, and I am glad to say that when the hospital closed, we had a record to be proud of.

The beds were made of mattresses put on boards, which were rested on saw-horses, and although that does not sound comfortable to us, the soldiers seemed very contented and happy. They all wore long quilted coats over pajamas of white cotton, called American cloth. It is heavy unbleached material, full of sizing and most unpleasant to work on. Why it is called American cloth, I do not know, and I hope we as a nation are not responsible for it. Before going into the hospital, I made twelve of these garments and was nearly choked by the sizing, a white powder which flies in all directions when it is handled. A great many bandages were also made of this material, and for some unknown reason the natives seemed to prefer them to the gauze. The Turks also wore white caps on their heads, with a red crescent embroidered on the front, for it is against the Mohammedan religion, as well as a breach of etiquette, to go with the head uncovered.

Only those who have visited Turkey can have any idea of the politeness of the Turks or of their gratitude for any favor, however small. No matter how great their suffering, they never forget their perfect manners. One day while doing a patient's dressing, I thanked him for something, and he replied: "God forbid." Inquiring afterwards as to why he said it, I was told he meant God forbid that I should thank him when I was rendering him a service.

We had a small boat which I called our ambulance, because we occasionally took patients in it to another hospital farther up the Bosphorus. One day I paid our boatman a small sum which I owed him, and he salaamed and said in Turkish: "Allah will return it to you." They often wished me such things as, "May you go through life laughing," or "May you live long and be happy."

The Turks have great powers of resistance and, weakened though they were by starvation and exposure, they made good recoveries. Nearly all the wounds were infected when the patients came in, which of course delayed their progress. One man had a fractured radius which had been broken by a bullet two weeks before, and had not even received first aid. Of course the bone had to be re-set, which was extremely painful, as the Greek doctor in charge refused to give an anaesthetic. The native doctors seemed opposed to giving anaesthetics for minor operations, why, I do not know, but I remember one instance where they

were going to remove a finger without giving the patient anything, but finally consented to give chloroform because an American doctor, whom I had the good fortune to work under, objected to doing it without.

The trite saying that a "miss is as good as a mile," came to my mind when one patient was brought in with a bullet hole through his throat, just escaping the carotid artery. He had also been shot through both arms, one having been broken. When he was discharged from the hospital he was perfectly well, except for a slight hoarseness.

The shrapnel wounds were the hardest to heal, as small pieces of shell were embedded in the flesh which, of course, was terribly lacerated.

After our hospital was closed, I spent a short time in one of the largest hospitals in the city, and there saw some bad cases of gangrened feet, caused by the men's standing too long in the trenches in tight boots. A great many had to have their limbs amputated. These patients were infinitely pathetic, as they were poor men and will probably become beggars. I was told that some refused to have their limbs amputated, because they would not go into the presence of Allah maimed, and preferred to go as they were.

I know the Turks have been greatly criticised, but they made perfect patients, and I think anyone who has helped care for them and has seen their perfect manners, their innate dignity, their sublime resignation and heroism, cannot but come away with a fondness for them and with a changed view of a land which seems to most of us outside the world.

## LETTERS FROM A PRIVATE DUTY NURSE

### II

THE NURSES' LODGE, OCTOBER, 19-

DEAR MARY:

Sunday evening I was in the reading room, when round came Miss Ellison from the office, to tell me there was a woman on Cameron Street who needed a nurse for the night. What is the matter with her? I countered, to gain time. All the people on Cameron Street are poor and though I do not refuse patients because they are poor, I hate to walk deliberately into discomfort and tribulation. Miss Ellison replied that the patient was nervous, that she had a nurse coming in the morning, but that the doctor did not want her left alone over night. I was to telephone him for orders when I got there. I made ready and left the Lodge at 10 p.m. There was a fine drizzle and a thick fog. I took a car for the Junction, where I had to wait twenty minutes because a Cameron